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Mr. W. H. Bronscombe 3-0-03

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OVER 50,000 PLEDGES.

The Pledge Crusade Celebrates its Jubilee.

'Messenger' Crusaders who have worked so hard to get signatures to the Pledge, will rejoice to hear that the total received at the 'Witness' office to date is fifty thousand eight hundred and twenty-nine.

The Crusade will, of course, continue to grow. Blank pledges will be supplied free of charge so long as there is a steady demand for them. The already large returns might easily be doubled before the end of the year. For pledges, address John Dougall & Son, publishers, Montreal.

Pictures From Muttra City, N. W. Province, India

(Rev. H. Patterson, in the 'Baptist Missionary Herald.')

I.—Krishna's Birthplace.

These three figures are supposed to rest on the sacred birthplace of the great Krishna. The spot is sacred to millions of devout Vaishnavas. Near to this was born the one who has been called 'the most interesting incarnation of Vishnu.' The figures to the right and left represent Basudeva and Devaki, the father and mother; and the smaller figure in the centre represents the child Krishna. The building is a small, square one, made of bricks and stone, absolutely without ornamentation of any kind, and is visited by thousands every year from all parts of India. I hinted to the priest that this could not have been the exact spot where Krishna had been born, and to this he at once agreed.

KRISHNA'S BIRTHPLACE.

Any memorial buildings relating to the event, or the original building itself, must have been a little to the east of this, but all had been destroyed by the Emperor Aurungzebe. As a matter of fact, he destroyed every temple and idol in Muttra in 1670. The priest reasoned that the thousands of pilgrims who come to worship demand to be shown the place of his birth, and as the original spot was taken from the Hindus by the Emperor of Delhi, the priests of that time selected the present spot, and, as their present representative says, 'it serves the purpose just as well as any other.' What is certain about the spot is that it is one of the oldest religious sites in India, and has been identified with the site of the ancient Buddhist monastery of Upaguptu. The priest, for his kindness in allowing us to go so near to the place, was promised a copy if the photograph proved a success. He said:—'If you send me one I shall worship it as I worship the original.'

II.—The Potra Kund.

This heading might be translated 'Baby-Clothes Tank.' It is close to the birthplace of Krishna. It has been described as a 'magnificent masonry tank, with high walls, and steps rising about fifty feet from the water on three sides, the fourth being an inclined plane down which animals descend to drink.' It is the scene of a curious festival. Crowds of women, on a certain day, come with bits of cloth and rags and wash them there in remembrance of the use to which the tank was put.

THE POTRA KUND.

III.—The Sacred Monkey.

These creatures are the pest of everyone. Nothing is safe from them. Doors cannot even be left open unless someone is on the watch. Vegetable and fruit sellers in the market and on the street must hold a stick in one hand and deal out their goods with the other. It is a common sight to see a man or woman going along with a covered basket on the head and a big monkey jump up from behind and knock it down. A score of other monkeys will be ready to scramble for a share of the contents. As a rule, however, every person near helps to drive them away. The Hindus will abuse them in the vilest manner but will neither kill them themselves nor allow others to do so. The killing of a monkey would cause a riot.

THE SACRED MONKEY.

Half-a-Sovereign, or Honor?

(By Mrs. France, in 'Light in the House.')

The breakfast in James Lee's home one bleak November morning was scarcely worthy the name—only some nearly colorless tea and a little dry bread—and the family party consisted of himself and his daughter Mary, a young woman of twenty, whose naturally buxom appearance had on it the pathetic stamp of hard struggle with poverty and of scanty food. She watched her father with tender solicitude as he rose wearily from his seat and pushed his chair back from the table. He was an unwilling victim of a long-continued 'strike,' and heart and flesh were well nigh failing, but not his faith in God. That still burned with a steady though quiet glow, and though sorely tested it was tracing on his face lines of calm endurance, that gave to the wasted features an aspect of noble heroism.

'Are you going out this morning, father?' Mary asked in a rather hopeless voice.

'Aye, lass—I'll not give up trying; something may turn up, and you can be praying at home.'

'I'd like work to do more than that,' she said, 'if only I could get a bit of charing. But nobody can afford to hire just now.'

James did not reply, but walked mechanically towards the peg where a good warm coat was wont to hang, and then pulled himself up with an involuntary shiver, as he remembered that its absence had paid for the last few scanty meals.

Mary watched him go out into the damp air, and her first impulse was 'to have a downright good cry,' but, wise woman that she was, she followed her father's suggestion instead, and kneeling down, she prayed very definitely and very earnestly that some work might be put in his way that morning.

The prayer was answered almost before it was spoken, for, as James turned out of the little street into a public thorough-

fare, he was hailed by a man whom he knew, and asked to go with him to help in removing some furniture. Amongst other articles to be carried out of the house was a chest of drawers, and as they turned it over to pack it on the trolly a sovereign rolled out of one of the chinks.

The man winked at James.

'I say, that's a lucky find! We'll go shares, Jim; it'll be particular useful just now.'

How much ten shillings at that time represented to the poor, half-starved man, he himself only knew, but he took the temptation by the throat and strangled it before it had time to spring upon him.

'Nay, lad,' he said, 'it's not ours, and —what's more—we know who it belongs to. I'll not touch it, and you're far too honest a chap for such a bit of dirty work as that. Let's take it back at once.'

'Well, you can take it, if that's your will,' the other said sulkily; and James made haste to restore what might have been a danger to both of them.

The lady of the house noted the man's hunger-bitten face, and when her husband came in soon afterwards, she told him the incident, enlarging on it with a good deal of warm-hearted eloquence.

They were just removing to another large town, where Mr. Austin was opening a new branch of an old-established business, and as his wife spoke a bright thought presented itself to him. May we not believe that it was sent by the Answerer of prayer?

'Kate, could you find time to make inquiries about this man? At any rate, get to know his name and address, and I will ask the town missionary about him. This sounds splendid, and if the information is satisfactory, I might be able to help him. I want another man in the warehouse at H——, and a caretaker for the new offices, and so I could perhaps give employment both to him and his wife; but we must not be too sanguine, such paragons are very rare.'

And so it came to pass that as Mary and her father were sitting by a very tiny fire that evening, and trying to warm themselves by dwelling gratefully on even the small bit of work for James that day, a knock at the door heralded the entrance of their good friend the town missionary, with a message from Mr. Austin, asking James to call at his office in the morning. And when the kind-hearted man saw on the faces both of father and daughter such pitiful traces of the straits through which they were passing, he forgot to be judicious, and ventured to hint at the possibility of employment for them both. And that night the dreams that had been troubled by the gnawings of hunger were radiant with visions of returning prosperity.

The interview with Mr. Austin was in every respect satisfactory. He liked James Lee's quiet, straightforward manner, and found that his previous employment quite fitted him for the vacant post, and though his wife had been dead for some years, he spoke with much more steadiness than when his own character was under discussion in describing with fatherly pride Mary's superior excellence and cleverness.

'You'd never meet with a handier lass, though I say it as shouldn't, and she'd just take a pride in keeping them offices like—like a new pin.'

So the engagement was made, and Mr. Austin never had reason to regret the step he took that day in befriending James and Mary Lee. He was a man who, when he showed kindness, did it without stint, and so he paid the expenses of their removal to H——, and saw to their comfortable settlement in two snug rooms, even buying Mary a sewing-machine, that she might add to their earnings by its use, and repay him gradually; and if such goodness could be recompensed, his was made up to him in tenfold measure by the rare devotion with which he was served.

Years passed away, in which the old dark days at L—— seemed like a bad dream to James Lee, in contrast to the peace and prosperity of his present life, and then another keen trial befell him in the death, after a brief illness, of his good daughter Mary. He had the great comfort of knowing that for her it was well, for she had been as loving and loyal to her Heavenly Father as to her earthly one; but the sadness of the home without her became almost unbearable.

'I'm main sorry to trouble you, sir,' he said to Mr. Austin one day, 'but I'm thinking of going back to L—— to end my days. I have friends there who would look after me, and it's terrible lonesome without Mary.'

And he told his kind master that he had saved enough in his employ to keep him in comfort for the rest of his life, adding, with a dry humor mingled with emotion, 'And so, sir, all things considered, I think it was just as well that I wasn't permitted to take that half-sovereign!'

Post Office Crusade.

The following paragraph appeared recently in a Toronto paper:—

A very wise and patriotic work of which very little seems to be known is the Canadian post-office crusade for India. The post-office crusade is international, having been started by a missionary of Cocoanada, India, to counteract the influence of literature of an undesirable character with which the ancient peninsula is being flooded, but Canada has a special branch of her own, with aims not only religious but patriotic and imperial. This new turn was given to the work by Mrs. Edwin Cole, of Montreal, who felt that there was a great want in India for more 'British Christian sentiment, rather than the republican ideas of the United States,' and who was particularly stirred by the wrong views regarding South Africa, which are being disseminated among educated Hindus by certain American religious papers. Not satisfied with agitating the matter in Canada, Mrs. Cole wrote to the editor of the London 'Times,' who prepared an article on the subject which was afterwards copied into the leading British newspaper of India and was thus instrumental in calling the attention not only of English people at home but of British residents in India to this great need of our Indian fellow-subjects. The matter has also been brought to the attention of Australia through a letter from a lady in India to a leading editor and it is believed that the appeal will meet with a prompt response from all patriotic British subjects. The seriousness of the situation may perhaps be realized from the fact that India has practically no public libraries and is neither blessed nor cursed with the flood of cheap magazines and other publications which are continually pouring from the press in western countries and that the influence of such literature as does come into the hands of those natives who have learned to read English is proportionately greater. Any one who wants more information about this work may obtain it from Mrs. Edwin Cole, 112 Irvine Avenue, Westmount, Que.

Robinson Crusoe's Text.

(C. H. Spurgeon.)

One book charmed us all in the days of our youth. Is there a boy alive who has not read it? 'Robinson Crusoe' was a wealth of wonders to me; I could have read it over a score of times and never have wearied. I am not ashamed to confess that I read it even now with ever fresh delight. Robinson and his man Friday, though mere inventions of fiction, are wonderfully real to the most of us. But why am I running on in this way on a Sabbath evening? Is not this talk altogether out of order? I hope not. A passage in that book comes vividly before my recollection to-night as I read my text; and in it I find something more than an excuse. Robinson Crusoe has been wrecked. He is left in a desert island all alone. His case is a very pitiable one. He goes to his bed, and he is smitten with fever. This fever lasts upon him long and he has no one to wait upon him—none even to bring him a drink of cold water. He is ready to perish. He had been accustomed to sin, and had all the vices of a sailor; but his hard case brought him to think. He opens a Bible which he finds in his chest, and he lights upon this passage: 'Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.' That night he prayed for the first time in his life, and ever after there was in him a hope in God, which marked the birth of the heavenly life.

Defoe, who composed the story, was, as you know, a Presbyterian minister; and though not overdone with spirituality, he knew enough of religion to be able to describe very vividly the experience of a man who is in despair, and who finds peace by casting himself upon his God. As a novelist, he had a keen eye for the probable, and he could think of no passage more likely to impress a poor broken spirit than this. Instinctively he perceived the mine of comfort which lies within these words.

Now I have everybody's attention, and this is one reason why I thus commenced my discourse. But I have a further purpose; for although Robinson Crusoe is not here, nor his man Friday either, yet there may be somebody here very like him—a person who has suffered shipwreck in life, and who has now become a drifting, solitary creature. He remembers better days, but by his sins he has become a castaway, whom no man seeks after. He is here to-night, washed up on shore without a friend, suffering in body, broken in estate, and crushed in spirit. In the midst of a city full of people, he has not a friend, nor one who would wish to own that he has ever known him.

Thus saith the Lord unto thee, my friend, this night: 'Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

What Cloverley Said

(Maggie Fearn, in 'The Alliance News.')

The sky was leaden-colored, of that peculiar slate-grey which is so dense and depressing to the eye. Sea and sky seemed to meet, without leaving any perceptible line where the two apparently communicated. The silence was almost intolerable, a silence which in some mysterious way could be heard and felt.

H. M. ship 'Endora' looked like a creation of fiction, a painted ship upon a painted ocean, vaguely, ambiguously, suspended between two spheres. There was a sufficiency of fog to render a good sailor anxious and apprehensive, with the certainty surrounding him that he was passing a dangerous piece of coast line, and the equal certainty that the fog and the atmospheric depression were developing and increasing.

However, Captain Monsell, of the 'Endora,' had retired to his cabin, with the air of a man who, for a while at least, had laid aside responsibility, and was honestly entitled to a brief interval of rest and relaxation. He had had a hard time during the previous eight-and-forty hours, and was feeling tired enough to make his comfortable cabin appear peculiarly inviting. The 'Endora' had taken a pilot on board, and Captain Monsell had handed over the care of the ship, pro tem. He drew off his heavy sea-boots and slipped his feet into a cosy pair of velvet slippers, looking complacently the while at the anchors wrought in silks which ornamented them. There was a wee wife at home, whose loving fingers had taken pride in skilfully working the devices, emblematic of safety and guardianship, and Captain Monsell thought of her and the home that she kept bright with love for him. If all went well with the 'Endora' it might not be long before he would again see wife and home, and his thoughts were pleasant ones as he stretched his feet towards the cordial warmth of the blazing, crackling fire. And the anchors were to him the symbols of safety.

On deck the first mate was idly gazing into the grey environment. His hands were thrust carelessly into his pockets, and he seemed to have momentarily forgotten the claims of duty. Indeed, everyone on the 'Endora' seemed determined to relax the taut tension of the last few hours, and let the nerves, and muscles, and brain enjoy a brief reaction from pressure, for at the wheel stood the pilot in his seaman's oil clothes.

But the exception, which tradition avows establishes the rule, occurred in the person of the steward. He of all on board the 'Endora' was not at ease. He had stepped on deck several times during the previous half hour, and had glanced silently at the pilot's stolid figure, and then at the first mate, then back again at the pilot. He had seemed hesitant, undecided, anxious, but each time he had disappeared silent as he had come. This last time, however, he had lost his hesitation, and went straight up to the first mate, and touched him quietly on the arm.

'Mr. Sanderson, sir.'

The first mate turned sharply.

'Ah, what is it, Cloverley?'

'I should like to speak to you, sir.'

'Well, I am listening.'

THE RETURN OF WINTER.

The steward turned his head, and glanced at the immovable figure of the pilot.

'This way, if you please, Mr. Sanderson. A word for your ear alone, sir, is what I mean.'

'Oh, very well. But there's no need to be so mysteriously cautious. There isn't even a seagull in sight,' said the first mate, a trifle impatient.

Nevertheless, he humored Cloverley's fancy, and followed him to the extreme end of the deck; but his manner betrayed lax interest. The steward was a grave man, and his mates declared he had of late developed some absurd 'cranks,' which threatened to spoil him, though but for these Cloverley was a good fellow enough.

'Maybe you'll think my words queer, Mr. Sanderson, and I'll be honest and say right out that I'd a great deal rather not speak them at all. But I've got to, and that's a fact, sir, and so it settles the matter.'

The steward spoke with a certain air of conviction about him that carried weight with it. The first mate began to show some signs of interest, and yet all the time he was thinking of what the sailors called 'Cloverley's cranks.' The man was in earnest, and that was something, anyway.

'Speak up,' he said, curtly. 'What's it all about, Cloverley?'

The steward hesitated one minute more, it would seem from uncertainty as to the best words to choose to convey his meaning than for any other reason; then, putting a warning finger upon Mr. Sanderson's arm, he said what he had to say, in a low but earnest tone. The first mate uttered a half suppressed exclamation of annoyance at the low words, and made an impatient movement after Cloverley commenced speaking; but gradually he became quiet, and at last, when the other had finished what he had to say, the young officer stood with bent brows and anxious eyes. Cloverley's words had evidently wrought a change in him.

'And if it is as you say, what do you suppose I am to do?' he said, irritably.

The steward had his answer ready.

'Tell the captain, sir.'

'And get myself into a nice mess for doing so? It's easy enough to talk.'

Cloverley motioned with his hand to the thick pall of grey mist curtaining them on every side, and then threw a quick glance in the direction of the pilot.

'There's the ship,' he said; 'there's the ship and the cargo, and the human lives, all to think of, sir. There's times when a man has to do his duty, and not to put alongside of it what he cares to do, Mr. Sanderson.'

Then he touched his cap respectfully, and went quietly away to attend to his proper routine of work, and the first mate was left to decide what he would do.

That the duty placed before him by Cloverley was uncongenial to his feelings was plainly to be seen by the contraction of brow and lips; but the steward's last words had touched the right chord, and Mr. Sanderson's best nature responded. He walked with firm, rapid steps towards

the spot where a dimly-outlined figure showed where the pilot kept his post, and when within a yard or two paused, and scrutinized every detail of the figure, every chance movement of head and hand, with alert but cautious eagerness. Then he strode back to where he had stood to listen to what Cloverley had said, and he cast another keen glance at the greyness shrouding them in. Three times did he repeat his eager, curious patrol of the deck, and alert scrutiny of the almost motionless figure at the wheel; then he turned with definite purpose in his face and manner, and made his way down to the captain's cabin.

'Come in,' shouted Captain Monsell, in response to the sharp rap of Mr. Sanderson's knuckles on the door.

'Ah, it's Sanderson. Sit down a bit, my boy. The fire and arm-chair are pretty comfortable when a man has had eight-and-forty hours of weather, eh?'

But the first mate stood erect, just within the door.

'I'm sorry to disturb you, captain; but I'm afraid all's not right above.'

The captain sat upright in his chair instantly, his eyes on the set, gloomy face of his first officer.

'What's gone wrong? Where's pilot?'

'Pilot is there,' Mr. Sanderson said; 'but the question comes in here—Is it any good for him to be there?'

Captain Monsell's face took on an expression of displeasure, almost anger.

'I am in no mood for jesting. I do not understand you, Mr. Sanderson.'

The first mate advanced a few steps, and laid his hand heavily on the table.

'I hate my business here, captain; but a man must do his duty at all risks. I have reason to fear that the pilot in charge is not fit for the responsibility he has undertaken.'

The displeasure and anger died from the captain's handsome face. He was alert, terribly alert, and in earnest.

'Explain your meaning, Mr. Sanderson.'

'It is easily done, sir. My suspicions were aroused by what Cloverley said.'

'Cloverley! What has Cloverley to do with the matter?'

'A great deal, as it happens, captain. It seems he mistrusted the pilot from the first, and resolved to watch him. There wasn't much trouble in doing it, as matters fell out, for before pilot had been aboard an hour he had visited the buffet three times to get his flask supplied with whiskey. He had had enough when he was shipped; at least, so Cloverley said. And now it's rather more than likely that the fog is clouding his brain; not quite the same kind of fog as we've got outside, but a trifle more confusing in its character, sir. And it's going to be a nasty night.'

At first the captain had looked keenly anxious, but as the officer proceeded with his story he had slowly sank back into the depths of his cushioned chair again. His face still wore a shade of perplexed gravity, but the quick apprehension had passed.

'If anyone else had told you all this it might have shown a different coloring, Mr. Sanderson; but it is only what Cloverley has said—Cloverley.'

Mr. Sanderson, however, was not to be moved by the implication in the quiet, insignificant tone.

'After hearing what he had to say I took instant opportunity to judge this matter for myself, captain.'

'Oh, you did?' Captain Monsell sat erect again. 'Well, with what result?'

'That I believe Cloverley is right.'

The easy velvet slippers, with the pretty silken anchor devices, were suddenly tossed hastily aside, and the heavy sea-boots had taken their place, and the next instant Captain Monsell was struggling into his rough overcoat once more. Mr. Sanderson stepped forward, and gave an appreciative tug to the coat, which sent it with greater rapidity to its required position upon the captain's broad shoulders. Then the captain hastily pulled up the thick fur collar and opened the door. But with a sudden hesitation he paused.

'It's a miserable night, true enough, Sanderson. Help yourself,' and with a careless wave of the hand he indicated a spirit stand which stood on the table, temptingly displaying a selection of choice liqueurs. 'I think I'll take just a nip myself before going on deck.'

But the first mate drew back with a peculiar look of aversion.

'Not a drop for me, thank you all the same, captain,' he answered, hastily.

Captain Monsell's hand was already upon one of the silver-topped bottles, but Sanderson's words seemed to startle him. He let his hand rest where it was, but he turned his face towards Sanderson.

'Why, what's the matter with you?' he asked, sharply.

The first mate thrust his hands deep into his pockets, as he was in the habit of doing when thoughtful, and his gaze fell to the thick, soft rug which his feet were pressing somewhat ruthlessly.

'I want to see this business well through, Captain Monsell,' he said.

The captain relinquished his hold of the silver-topped bottle, and turned the key upon the cordials without taking his proposed 'nip.' He made no remark, but passing through the door, sprang up on deck with more agility than an indifferent person might have supposed possible. The first mate followed him more slowly, having seen that the cabin door was safely closed, and from a justifiable distance he watched him make for the pilot's side.

'Halloa, pilot!' and the captain's voice was sharp and ringing even through the muffling dampness of the cold penetrating fog. 'Is all square and hearty?'

The challenge was not responded to; the figure wrapped in oil clothes looked weird and disproportioned as seen through the thick, shrouding mist. Captain Monsell went closer, and spoke again; but the pilot did not answer.

'Mr. Sanderson.'

The first mate was beside the two instantly.

'See that the pilot is shown below.'

'Yes, captain.'

For the first time the figure moved, and turned towards the captain, speaking thickly and with slow indecison.

'I am in charge of the ship. What are you talking about? Leave me alone.'

'No, sir. I have taken over the charge again. You had better go below.'

Clear, metallic, peculiarly in contrast with the pilot's thick, imperfect enunciation, Captain Monsell's voice struck through the mist.

'I've got charge of the ship. Leave me alone, I say,' repeated the pilot.

Through the greyness Cloverley's bulky form loomed encouragingly near. Both the captain and the first mate saw it with satisfaction.

'Look you here,' the captain said authoritatively, and his tone proved he was accustomed to command, 'let's have no words. I'm not a hard man, but there are times when if I say a thing I mean it, and will stick to it to the death. Go below, pilot; it'll be better for you. I intend, anyway, to take over the charge of the ship again. D'ye hear?'

Probably he heard, but probably also the tradition of his calling was strong upon him, for he did not move. With a swift movement the captain put his fingers somewhere in the region where the pilot's coat collar was supposed to be, and gave them a dexterous twist.

'Here, you fellows! Mr. Sanderson!'

And Mr. Sanderson promptly obeyed, although his orders were not particularly explicit, and in an incredibly short time he and Cloverley had seen the pilot to more comfortable quarters below, and then the first mate returned to the deck.

'A bad look-out this, Mr. Sanderson. It's difficult to get a correct notion as to where we are, but we must do our level best to-night. It won't be ordinary work. It will be a fight with death, and about as hard a fight as ever I wish to have. But we'll hold on, Mr. Sanderson; we'll hold on to the last.'

'Ay, ay, captain,' replied the first mate, with equal resolution. And he pulled his cap more firmly over his bent brows.

It was a night to be remembered. The fog increased in density, until it seemed as if everything animate and inanimate were swallowed up in that appalling curtain of mystery which could not be thrust aside or rendered opaque. The ship's lights burned dimly, and could not be distinguished more than a few yards distant, and the sailors' voices sounded unfamiliar and indistinct as they responded to the captain's orders. As for Captain Monsell, he would not forsake his self-imposed charge, but with alert brain and taut nerve he kept his position where the pilot should have been, and with the precise accuracy of a keen and trained judgment made his constant and minute calculations as to the probable position of the 'Endora,' and her chances of escaping the hidden, but dreaded, dangers which were threatened her by nests of flint-like rocks, with jagged knife-shaped edges, that rendered that part of the coast line a terror to navigators. It was a night to furrow deep lines on a man's brow, which sunny days and years of ease could not eradicate. It was a night to make young men old, and death a realistic presence that seemed to jostle with its elbow all things that had life and breath. The hours dragged slowly by, but the fog rather grew denser than less. It was something to be felt, something that gripped a man's throat, and stifled his voice. It was a terrible night, truly.

In the early cold of the morning the captain summoned the first mate.

'Mr. Sanderson, we must drop an anchor. I daren't take the ship another knot.'

'The anchor won't hold, sir.'

'We must prove that.'

The anchor was cast, but as the young officer predicted the flinty rocks afforded no anchorage. The 'Endora' still held on her dangerous course.

'It was the first moment that I dared risk it,' said the captain; 'and now it's a dead failure. But we'll have another try shortly, Mr. Sanderson.'

Again an hour crept by, and then the captain made a second attempt to anchor the ship, and the sailors waited with laboring breath to know the result. But as before, the great iron cable dragged over the hard rocks, and the anchor refused to grip with its mighty hand. The sailors groaned with the cruel disappointment. Captain Monsell held on grimly to his post.

'We'll save her yet,' he said, his teeth set, the muscles on his forehead and swarthy neck knotted into hard cords. 'The "Endora" has weathered gales and storms like a bird, and we'll save her from the rocks if there's a way to do it.'

'Ay, ay, captain,' returned the first mate, with a fresh outburst of loyal enthusiasm. 'She's a bonny craft, and worth the risk of life and limb to save her.'

'Ay, ay,' responded the hardy sailors.

And worn with heavy work and excitement, and the dread of stranding upon those merciless rocks any moment, they were ready to a man to second the efforts of their captain and officers for the preservation of the ship.

'There's the first break of day yonder,' said the captain suddenly. 'Do you not see a faint yellowish color changing the blackness of the fog eastward? Now, my men, let's try once more. Ho, there, drop anchor!' he thundered.

Again there was the lowering of the mighty anchor, and the breathless expectancy of suspense. Would it hold? Then as from one man a shout went up, seeming almost to startle and cleave the mist which held them helpless.

'Hurrah! The anchor holds! It's grappled! The thing's done, captain.'

They all lingered for five, ten minutes, testing the truth of the fact, and when the 'Endora' settled down, and it was evident that she was steadily riding at anchor, the captain lifted his cap from his forehead with a sudden knowledge that the pressure gave him a sense of discomfort. It is at the moment when the first break in a long and cruel nerve tension touches a man's senses that his brain is conscious of abnormal throbbing and weight. He gave a few rapid directions to the first and second mates, examined once more minutely the condition of the ship so far as that was possible, then giving Mr. Sanderson imperative directions to call him should there be any perceptible change in the condition of the atmosphere, he went below, for a short rest and some much-needed food. In the course of half an hour he went on deck again, and finding the fog somewhat less dense, and the 'Endora' riding at ease, held by her anchor, he appointed the usual watch, released Mr. Sanderson from duty, and then returned to his comfortable cabin, feeling more utterly overwrought than he ever remembered to have done before. As he drew off his heavy boots, and thrust his feet into his velvet slippers, he had an odd thought in his mind that he must have lived years, rather than hours, since he had last rested his gaze upon those silken anchors. There was a knock at the cabin door. What, was he needed again already? What could have gone wrong?

'Come in,' shouted the captain, sharply.

'Pilot wants a word with you, captain.'

It was the second apprentice. Captain Monsell breathed a sigh, half of relief, half anxiety. The ship was right enough then, but the pilot——'

Well, as well then as any other time, he supposed. The business must be got over, and better sooner than later.

'Show him in,' Captain Monsell said, shortly.

He did not turn his head as the boy did his bidding. He heard the slow sound of a man's heavy tread entering, and the door closed after the new-comer, but he did not turn or speak.

The pilot stood still, waiting. There was no sound but the ticking of the clock in its firmly-embedded case upon the wall, and the muffled movements of the sailors in different parts of the ship.

'Can I speak to you, captain?'

The pilot's voice broke up the silence which he had at last found unbearable. The effort to keep the tone of it steady was audible to the captain's quick ear.

'What have you to say?'

The query was curt, more curt than harsh; yet it sent a shiver through the heart of the other.

'Not much; but what there is has got to be said. Captain, it is in your power to make me a ruined man.'

For the first time Captain Monsell turned his head slightly. He had expected to be met by furious protest, by insult, by insolent bravadoism, but for this calm admission of undenied fault he was all unprepared.

'Come this way,' he said.

And with his hand he motioned for the pilot to cross the room, that they might meet face to face.

The man did so with slow unwillingness.

'And why should I not do what it is in my power to do?' asked the captain, in the same curt way. 'What have you to urge against it?'

'Nothing. I only ask what you intend to do.'

'You are prepared to admit that you were incapable of doing your duty last night? That if you had been permitted to continue the charge of the ship we should, in all probability, be dead men, lying mutilated and crushed amongst those monster rocks yonder?'

'I am prepared to admit that I was not equal to the responsibility which I had taken over.'

The pilot's voice was growing hard, but the man's honesty did not waver.

'What rendered you unequal to the responsibility you had assumed?'

Suddenly the lion awoke, and the spirit of the man came back to him. With a fierce gesture he swept his hand towards the silver-mounted spirit stand, which stood on the table where the captain had left it on the previous night. His eye flashed.

'That, and such as that,' he said.

Captain Monsell sat erect in his chair.

'Have you a wife—children?'

'Yes.' The voice was not so steady.

The captain's gaze fell upon the silken anchors on his velvet slippers. If all had not gone right with the 'Endora' last night he would never again have held in his the soft white fingers which had set those dainty stitches; never again have clasped in his arms the wee wife waiting at home, waiting and praying for him.

'I am not a hard man,' said he at length, and unconsciously he repeated the words he had used hours ago; 'I am not a hard man, and I shall give you one more chance. I don't know whether I am doing right or wrong, but what I am doing is for the wife and the children. It's a cruel business when a woman who trusts you, and helpless children who love you, are dragged through the mire of disgrace and the fire of poverty by your own hand. It isn't what any man cares to think of, especially when he's just been as near to death as we have, pilot.'

The pilot stretched out his hand and gripped at the table. The fog seemed to have penetrated to the cabin. At any rate, he could see nothing distinctly.

'You'll never repent this, captain,' he said at last, with slow, difficult utterance. 'I've made up my mind not to let the chance of it occur again. I shall sign when I get ashore.'

'What?' roared the captain.

'Sign—sign the pledge. Why can't a pilot sign if he's a mind to? I shall sign,' said he resolutely.

Captain Monsell sat motionless. The pilot continued—'I don't know that I should have thought of it but for what the steward said. He has been talking to me, and there's more sense in what he said than in all the stuff that people make such a noise over—as if the spirit bottle were sent us straight from heaven. I tell you, captain, it more likely came from the other place.'

'Oh, it was what Cloverley said that did it, eh?' and Captain Monsell forgot to resume his former easy position in his comfortable chair. 'You can go, pilot; but understand this, that you'll not take charge of my ship again. Your nominal duties will be over probably in the course of a few hours, if the fog clears, and the "Endora" passes the danger point; and when you leave the ship you will leave her a free man, with another chance before you. If you have a spark of true manliness in your character you will make the best use of it; but if you don't, remember that your next slip will stain my conscience as well as your own. D'ye hear?'

'There shall never be another slip, so help me, God,' answered the pilot.

The captain sank back.

'It's for the wife and the children,' he repeated. Now go, and tell them to send Cloverley to me.'

Slowly the pilot went, and the next moment Cloverley appeared.

'Is that you, Cloverley?'

'Yes, captain.'

'What's all this that you've been talking to pilot about?'

'Something for his good, I hope, captain; for I take it you mean about putting his name and word between himself and the spirit bottle for ever and a day.'

'Rot,' said Captain Monsell.

'I'm sorry you think so, captain, because I don't. And to prove it, I want to tell you that this is the last voyage I shall ever make as steward in your ship, or in any other, sir.'

'The last voyage? Good gracious, Cloverley, has the world come to an end?'

'My drinking days have, captain; and my days for serving drink to other folk,' said the steward, gravely. 'I couldn't do any other than give up, sir, after last night.'

Captain Monsell sat gazing into the fire, then he lifted his eyes to the steward's resolute face, and finally they rested on the silken anchors worked upon his velvet slippers.

'I always thought you a sensible fellow, Cloverley, with the exception of a few

cranks; but to give up your berth for—for——'

'For conscience's sake, captain,' said Cloverley, respectfully.

The silken anchors must have wrought a strange fascination upon the captain, for his gaze refused to leave them.

'Perhaps there may be two sides even to this question, Cloverley,' he said at length. 'You can go.'

'Thank you captain,' answered the steward quietly.

In the 'Chamber of Peace.'

(Ernest Gilmore, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

'A flower upon my threshold laid;
A little kindness wrought unseen;
I know not who love's tribute paid,
I only know that it has made
Life's pathway smooth, life's borders green.'

It was a hot summer afternoon. The birds were singing, bees humming, and the harvesters were at work in the fields. Mrs. Randolph heard the birds, the bees, and the harvesters, and there was a smile on her sweet, fair face as she listened. She felt at peace with all the world as she sat knitting a fleecy shawl under the shade of a climbing rose running over the pleasant piazza. As far as her eyes could see everything was fresh and clear and beautiful.

Before her spread the garden, patterned after one over the seas in an old Holland home. It had beds of camomile, mint and thyme and rings of gay flowers. There were squares of lavender and berries and fruit trees. There was soft, smooth, grass and the songs of birds. Wild roses climbed over the fence. Along the east side picket fence there was a thick growth of white lilacs. Beside the west side fence the purple lilacs flourished and towered aloft like brave sentinels. There was a great bed of portulacas in shades of yellow and red, from very light to very dark, with a sprinkling of snowy white. There were dazzling nasturtiums with their gorgeous bloom, and later on with their pungent little ridged balls for pickles. There were cabbage roses, purply black heartsease and sweet williams, and over the lattice climbed a honeysuckle, where humming birds were hunting for fragrant sweets. Gay butterflies danced in and out among the 'green things growing.' Overhead there were beautiful fleecy white clouds on the glorious blue of the sky, and down through the tree branches came the radiant sunshine.

Into this Eden crept a homeless waif from the city slums. He opened the west side gate softly and stole along silently behind the purple lilacs. His bare, bleeding feet made no sound, his tortured soul no cry. He was hungry to the verge of starvation, but his weariness was greater than his hunger, for he was very near to the valley of the shadow. He lay down upon the soft, fragrant sod with a sigh of relief. He stretched out his tired legs and threw up his grimy hands over his tangled head with a soft exclamation that was more like rapture than anything else. The horror of his past life was behind him; he was under the shelter of the purple lilacs on the softest bed he had ever rested on since he could remember. He was in a half apathetic state, not realizing just at present his own misery. His hunger at that moment was not so much a longing for food as it was a dull weight pressing him down. He was too tired to think about anything. It did not occur to him that he might be discovered in his retreat and be punished for trespassing. Even if he had thought of it, it would not have disturbed him, for although he had had his share of curses and blows, he could bear more if he could only rest first.

Rest, rest, rest! That was what he craved, and he had it now, almost as soon as he stretched himself on the grass. The birds sung to him, but he did not know it. The butterflies flitted over him and the purple lilacs fanned him with their fragrant breath. And the sweet summer day wore on. The harvesters had long since finished their day's work and yet the tired boy slept on. He had not moved, his upturned face was as quiet, seemingly, as if carved.

Mrs. Randolph had had her supper and was lingering awhile in the sitting-room. The red rays of the setting sun flooded the room with its glory, illuminating the pictures in their dull gold frames, the carved furniture and the fine damask hangings. Later she went out again on the piazza. All nature was bathed in ineffable beauty. After the rose and purple and gold of a glorious sunset had come the illumination of the moon, the land silvering, the water shimmering and dancing under its touch. From the opposite banks the high hills were reflected in the peaceful waters of the beautiful river. There was the gurgle of splashing water as it flowed from the hillside into the brooks, and the sleepy chirp of a belated bird.

Every pleasant night Mrs. Randolph took a walk around the garden. It made her sleep restfully, she said, to say good-night to the flowers. She walked down the garden path slowly on the east side, returning on the west side, near the purple lilacs. As she was passing the third lilac tree, she stopped suddenly, a slight exclamation of fear escaping her. What was that back of the tree? She was not sure, for it lay in the shadow, but presently a voice said: 'Don't be afraid, ma'am; I meant no harm. I only came in to rest awhile, and I'll move right on.'

The boy got up slowly, for every joint was stiff and aching. Whatever else he was, he was no coward. He could have sneaked off behind the lilacs, but instead he came out upon the gravel walk under the light of the moon. How pale and thin and sorrowful he looked! There were many lights and shadows in Mrs. Randolph's face, which was now inexpressibly lovely with its look of womanly tenderness and compassion. She had never before seen a face like the one before her. There were so many things written on it—pain, sorrow, unutterable weariness were some of these, but not all. There was a shrinking as if some cruel hand was raised to strike him, and yet there was a longing in his grey eyes that stirred Mrs. Randolph's soul.

'I'm not afraid of you,' she told him, gently, 'I believe what you say that you meant no harm; that you only wanted to rest awhile. A sweet place, too, to rest, under the lilacs, but I think I can find you a softer bed,' with a winsome smile; 'come!'

But he hesitated. Much as he was in need of favors, he did not know how to accept them.

'I'd better be goin', ma'am,' he stammered, not accustomed to kindly words and wondering why she talked to him as if he were somebody. He started to go, but staggered from weakness. She reached out her hand and took his arm as if to steady him.

'No, laddie, don't go to-night. You must rest yourself before you leave me.'

He suffered himself to be led along, a great wonder taking possession of his thoughts. He could not realize that any one in the wide, wide world cared to have him rest—he, a wretched, homeless waif.

As for Mrs. Randolph, her thoughts were busy, too, with a great compassion. Her hold upon the boy's arm, revealed its emaciation, making her heart ache.

A side gate opened and shut and there stood a man. The boy shivered nervously; the man would probably horsewhip him, was his thought.

'David,' said Mrs. Randolph, 'we have a stranger within our gates. He is sick, faint and weary. I give him to your kindly care. See that he has whatever he needs.'

David was the gardener, a man of few words, but kind, honest and faithful.

'I'll do my best, ma'am,' he answered, taking the boy in his care.

The latter turned and looked at Mrs. Randolph with a look that moved her to tears. She responded instantly by taking his grimy hand within her own.

'Good-night, laddie,' she said, tenderly, 'and God bless you!'

David showed no surprise; he was used to his mistress's ways. He led the boy around the house.

'I ain't nobody,' said the waif, wonderingly. 'What makes her so good to me?'

David laughed softly.

'She's good to everybody and everything,' he answered. 'She's the Lord's own child if ever there was one.'

'I never met one before,' said the boy.

It was into a clean little chamber over the carriage house that David took the boy. He saw that the waif was about worn out and could endure little more; still he was so dirty that he ventured to put him into a bath tub as the first number on the programme. He washed him from head to feet and then robed him in one of his own night shirts, in which he was nearly lost. Then he put him in a soft, clean bed and left him. The boy's eyes darkened and then filled with tears.

'Is this Billy Hawks?' he said to himself. 'Is it? How strange to be in this soft bed! How strange to be clean and to have one's clothes off!'

He had no remembrance of having ever been really clean before or of having been in bed. And such a bed, with soft feather pillows and dainty coverings!

David returned soon with a dish of hot soup and crackers and a bowl of creamy milk.

'My room is next to yours,' he said. 'If you should need me in the night, rap on the wall. Good-night!' He left the boy, knowing of his hunger and thinking he would enjoy his food better alone.

Billy Hawks ate and drank and then fell asleep as quietly as a babe upon its mother's bosom.

The moonbeams stole into the window and rested upon his pale face, lighting it up to a weird beauty. He slept until morning. At dawn a bird flew to his windowsill and awoke him with a sweet song. The breath of roses came to him. An illuminated text hung over the door. It

read: 'The Peace That Passeth Understanding.'

A smile broke over his face, making it radiant. He folded his thin hands together rapturously.

'She asked God to bless me,' he thought. 'and he has. This must be the chamber of peace.'

Prayer of the Plains.

(Linda Schermerhorn Hibner, in the 'Morning Star.')

Fainting field and parching plain,
Making mute appeal for rain ,
All in vain.
Gardens grasshopper-invaded,
Bare as by an army raided,
O for rain!

Close-cropped pastures dry and dun,
Water-ways but water none,
O for rain!
Lowing of the patient herds—
Supplication without words—
All in vain.

O for rain, for rain, for rain!
We, the dwellers on the plain,
Cry in vain,
Gazing skyward morn by morn
O'er our fields of shrivelling corn,
O for rain!

Yet alfalfa-fields are fair,
Aye, and sweet beyond compare
Is their breath;
Purple isles, their roots a-steep
In the hidden waters deep
Underneath.

Pray we, 'Give us daily bread,'
Which is being interpreted,
'Give us rain.'
'Thou hast helped us hitherto,
Bless us ere we let thee go,
Yet again.

'Thou didst send the early rain,
Golden stacks of wheaten grain
Dot the plain.
Yet, the latter rain denied,
All our need is not supplied,
Give us rain.

'Thine to give and to withhold,
But our need hath made us bold,
Not in vain,
Longer to the answering skies,
Let us lift imploring eyes,
Give us rain.

Give us rain.
'Yet—yet, if it be thy will
To withhold the blessing still
Of thy rain,
Give us grace, the common lot
To endure and murmur not
Nor complain.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Dec. 1902, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Intoxicating liquors destroy the judgment, lead to mistakes, excite the passions, give a false courage to do wrong, lead away from God and religion, are associated with vice and all that degrades, and lead to the breaking of every commandment of God and law of man.—Peloubet.

Berma's Lesson.

(By Kate Sumner Gates, in Zion's Herald.')

'There,' said Bertha Lane, 'I believe that I am ready. I am so glad you had some errands for me to do, mamma, it is such a lovely morning for a ride.'

'Are you going alone?' asked Mrs. Lane, as she handed Bertha her list.

'Why, no. I thought I would stop for Grace. I want to talk up the social with her. Why did you ask?'

'I was thinking of Miss Esther. She would enjoy a ride very much, I presume, and it would do her ever so much good.'

'Oh, mother!' cried Bertha, with a little pout, 'why will you be continually having such horrid things occur to you? Miss Esther might enjoy it, but I am sure I should not. She would tell me all her aches and pains, and find some fault with everybody in town.'

'Perhaps, my dear daughter, if you were as old as poor Miss Esther, and lived all by yourself, you would find it a comfort to tell somebody about your aches and pains; and when she tells you of other people's faults, why can't you tell her of their virtues?'

But Bertha shook her head.

'I can't be bothered with her this morning,' she said. 'I don't feel one bit like it. It is much too lovely a morning to spoil riding around with any one as uncomfortable as Miss Esther,' and with a good-bye kiss Bertha ran off before her mother could say anything more.

But somehow the day did not seem half so bright and beautiful to her as it had, and she shrugged her shoulders impatiently as she drove down the street. 'I do wish mamma wouldn't always spoil my nice times! It's tiresome to have to be doing something for somebody all the time. One ought to have a chance to please one's self once in a while,' she said to herself.

But all the while conscience was reproaching her sharply. 'You have missed more than Miss Esther has. She has only lost a little pleasure, but you have lost an opportunity to do a service for your Master.'

On the whole, the ride was not as enjoyable by half as Bertha had anticipated, and she presented herself at the dinner table in rather an unsatisfactory frame of mind.

After dinner she curled herself up on the lounge and tried to forget her vexation in a new book. The first she knew she seemed to herself to have changed into an old woman. He hair was thin and grey, her teeth were gone, her face was wrinkled and worn, her shoulders were bent, and she could only walk with a cane on account of rheumatism. She reminded herself so much of Miss Esther. How enviously she looked at the young folks about her! They seemed full of life and happiness, and so unmindful of her forlorn, pitiable condition. 'It wouldn't hurt them any to stop and inquire for a poor old woman, and show her a little sympathy,' she said, bitterly. 'My Bible says we should bear one another's burdens and comfort the afflicted, but all they seem to think of is to have a good time themselves. It's nothing to them how miserable and lonely a poor old body like me is!' And then, just as she was wiping away the fast-flowing tears, Bertha awoke with a start to find herself still young, strong and healthy.

'Oh, dear! But it was simply dreadful,' she said, rubbing her eyes to be sure that she was awake. 'I wonder if Miss Esther feels half as forlorn as I did? I'll take her to ride to-morrow, and she shall complain of every ache and pain she ever had, or that flesh is heir to, and I'll sympathize with her to her heart's content.'

A Canopy of Love.

(Richard Chenevix Trench.)

I say to thee, do thou repeat
To the first man thou mayst meet
In lane, highway, or open street:

That he and we, and all men move
Under a canopy of love,
As broad as the blue sky above:

That doubt and trouble, fear and pain,
And anguish, all are shadows vain,
That death itself shall not remain;

That weary deserts we may tread,
A dreary labyrinth may thread,
Through dark ways underground be led:

Yet, if we will our guide obey,
The dreariest path, the darkest way
Shall issue out in heavenly day.

And we, on divers shores now cast,
Shall meet, our perilous voyage past,
All in our father's house at last.

Any one of the many articles in 'World Wide' will give two cents' worth of pleasure. Surely, ten or fifteen hundred such articles during the course of a year are well worth a dollar.

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So many men, so many minds. Every man in his own way.—Terence.

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ALL THE WORLD OVER.

King and Kaiser—Correspondence of the Manchester 'Guardian.'
Oxford and the Rhodes Scholarship.
Imperial and Naval Defence—'The Review of Reviews' for Australasia.
Life in a Blockhouse—A Reminiscence.—'Navy and Army Illustrated.'
A Ballad of Life in a Blockhouse—'Ballads of the Boer War,' by 'Coldstreamer.'
The Boers and the Empire—Gen. Botha's article in the 'Contemporary Review,' London.
The New Aspirants for African Fame, and What they Must Be—By Sir Henry M. Stanley, in the 'Fortnightly Review,' London. Abridged.
Colombia and the Canal—New York 'Tribune.'
The Treaty with Colombia—New York 'Times.'
To the West—'The Pilot,' London.
Birmingham and Municipal Socialism—'The Mail,' London.
Sunday—By Canon Scott-Holland, in 'The Commonwealth,' London.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Tschaikowsky and his Music—By Daniel Gregory Mason, in 'The Outlook,' New York. Abridged.
The late Mr. John Faed, R. S. A.—'The Scotsman,' Edinburgh.
Photography as a Hobby: III.—By an Amateur Photographer, in 'The Young Man,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

The Song of the Exile—By Lydia Maria Mackay, in 'Chambers's Journal,' Edinburgh.
The Centenary of Alexandre Dumas—By Algernon Charles Swinburne, in 'The Nineteenth Century and After.'
Alexandre Dumas—By A. T. Quiller-Couch, in 'The Speaker,' London.
Board School Types—I.—The Boy with no Ambition.—By B. Paul Neuman, in the 'Westminster Budget.'
Lhasa Revealed.—The 'Daily Chronicle,' London; and by Archibald R. Colquhoun, in the 'Morning Post.'
The Study of the Gospels—'The Pilot,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

A Parental Plaint—By Mostyn T. Pigott, in the 'Saturday Review,' London.
A Plea for a Simpler Diet—Manchester 'Guardian.'
The Whooping Cough Bacillus—From 'La Revue,' Paris.
Submarine Warfare—'The Nation,' New York.

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LITTLE FOLKS

The Statue of Snow.

In one of the streets of Florence there is a large and stately building. Long ago it was the palace where the Duke Lorenzo de Medici, who was the most powerful man in the city, lived with his family. He was very fond of young artists, and allowed them to copy the fine old Greek statues he had collected, many of which stood in the garden of the palace among the almond and fig trees.

THE STATUE OF SNOW.

One of the lads who came to study these beautiful things was called Michael Angelo. He was so bright and clever that the Duke noticed his genius, and invited him to live always in the palace, so that he might have every possible advantage, and lose no time.

But unfortunately, after a little, the kind Lorenzo died, and his brother, Pietro, who was the next duke, did not care much for artists or their work. So, one winter day, for a silly joke, just to make his courtiers laugh, he ordered Michael to model a statue of the snow which had fallen heavily in the garden.

The young artist did not dare to refuse, though no doubt he felt the insult keenly, as he must have known that he was worthy of some more important task. He would have preferred to carve a statue in marble or bronze, that would have lasted for hundreds of years, and which many people might have admired. However, he tried to forget his annoyance, and put forth all his skill, so that even the stupid Duke was astonished when he saw what a lovely figure Michael had modelled.

This incident in Michael Angelo's life shows that young people should always do their very best, though they may sometimes get work to do that they dislike. By persevering, Michael soon became a famous man, all acknowledging him as the greatest sculptor in Italy. He carved many beautiful statues and painted many noble pictures, the most of which are still in Florence or Rome. Those who are able to visit the National Gallery in London will see some of his work, and there are preserved in the Gallery in Edinburgh three of the small models which he made when he was carving a monument to the son of the kind Duke Lorenzo,—a monument which is one of the chief objects of interest in Florence.—'The 'Adviser.'

The Dog that Went to School

Nero was a large Newfoundland dog. He belonged to a boy who lived in a small village in Maine.

Nero was very fond of his young master. When the spring term of school began Nero always went with Gilbert to the school house door. He would then lie down on the steps, or on the grass in the yard, and wait patiently for school to close at noon. He was nice and good-natured, and when the children came out to play at recess he would get up and join in their frolics, and he seemed to enjoy it all as much as any of them.

It was very pleasant to lie and sleep out in the soft grass in the shade of the apple trees, through the spring and even through the first weeks of autumn. But when chilly winds began to blow, and the frost had withered the leaves, Nero found it rather cold work to wait at the school house hour after hour.

He bore it quite well, however, until there came a blustering day, when the snow fell steadily. That day, about ten o'clock, Nero pushed open the entry door, which was slightly, ajar, walked in, and scratched gently at the inner door. The teacher heard the sound, and opened the door to see what made it. Nero wagged his tail, shivering, and gave a pleading whine, as if he would like to say: 'Please let me come in and get warm.'

'Yes, you may, if you will be a good dog,' the teacher answered.

Nero walked in past her, and lay down near the big stove giving a deep sigh of content.

After that day Nero always came in with the scholars when the bell rang, and took his place by the

stove in a serious and dignified manner that might well have been copied by many of the pupils.

Just before the spring came, Gilbert went away to work in a big city. Nero was very, very lonely without him.

One morning in April as Nero lay sunning himself on the piazza, he noticed the school-children passing, with their books and slates. He sprang up, ran into the house, sniffing and whining at Gilbert's school coat and cap, that still hung in the hall.

Then, as if he had a sudden wild idea that he might possibly find Gilbert at the school-house, he bounded off down the street as fast as he could.

The same teacher was again teaching there, and she warmly welcomed Nero when he scratched as usual at the door. He came in and at once settled down quietly in his old place, after casting a glance round at the children's faces in vain.

Nero had, it seemed, made up his mind to be a regular attendant at school. He came every day, rain or shine, He soon knew the meaning of the bells, and when the children rose to march out at recess, he, too, was up in a moment, and stood waving his plumy tail until the last one had passed out. Then he rushed out after them, much like any fun-loving school-boy.

Nero was never known to make any noise in school except once. That was the time when some cattle broke through the fence into the school yard, Nero saw them through the window and sprang up, barking furiously. He would have broken the big panes of glass in his hurry to get at them, if the teacher had not quickly raised the window and let him jump out. He soon drove the cattle away into their own pasture and came back with an air of pride in having done his duty.

For years Nero came to school. He never missed a day, until he grew very old and feeble; and even when his poor old legs refused to carry him beyond the piazza, he would lie there, and wistfully gaze after the children as they passed by.

The boys and girls of that school have never forgotten their good and noble school-mate. They often speak of Nero, 'the dog that went to school.'—Annie Lewiss Pinfold, in 'Little Folks.'

The Young Missionary.

(Selected by Mrs. Clinton B. Fisk.)

It was just one little maiden,
  But with a willing heart and hand
She whispered to herself and said,
  'I'm going to be a band!'

She did not have to go so far,
  This little maiden wee,
Until she found another on
  Who did with her agree.

So they made Molly secretary,
  And Ethel took the chair,
Although their minds were hazy
  As to what their duties were.

That day they made a useful rule
  That each that joined must seek
One other member. Then the Band
  'Adjourned to meet next week.'

So Molly brought Clarinda,
  And Ethel found out Dan,
And they made him the president,
  Because he was a man!

Now it wasn't very long,
  With such a stringent rule,
Before there really was a throng,
  In fact 'twas all the school.

So one little maiden,
  Who works with heart and hand,
Is the very best beginning
  For a Missionary Band.

Bluetits in Bottle.

A bottle was placed on the garden wall of Mrs. Chorley's house in Bolton, near Lancaster; in this a pair of blue titmice built their nest, hatched their eggs, and reared their young. There was no cork in the bottle, and the birds had no other way of entrance than the mouth, going up and down the neck of the bottle every time they carried food to their young ones, all of which, ten in number, were reared without accident, and made their escape unmolested through the neck of the bottle. When they were fairly gone, the botle was taken down and the old nest found within. The bottle was fifteen inches deep and the neck one-inch in diameter.—'Band of Mercy.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

The Heart's Door.

'I'll never forgive Fred!' said Dora angrily, as she came to her mother, holding up a broken toy which her uncle had given her a few days before.

'Dora, my child!'

'Well, I mean just what I say, for when I spoke to Fred he said he did not care a bit.

'Think before you say more, my dear, Perhaps you vexed Fred by your manner of speaking ?'

'I only told him he was very careless. And so he was; and I'll never forgive him!'

'Hark, Dora, listen! Someone is knocking, I am sure.'

'What do you mean, mother! I hear no one.'

'Have you forgotten, my dear, that there is a door to your heart? You have opened it once this morning,and let in an evil, hateful thing; and now, if you will listen, you will hear your best Friend at the door. Dear little daughter, let Him in. He has this message for you: "If you forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father which is in heaven forgive your trespasses." And that word men, means everybody, even Freddy.'

The tears came into Dora's eyes, her heart's door swung wide open now, and love entered.

'Yes, mother, I will forgive Freddy,' sobbed Dora. 'And I am sorry I spoke spitefully.'

'Then, my darling, thank that dear Friend who has found the way into your heart with His love, and go now and make it up with Freddy.'

Dora went out with sunshine in her face and joy in her heart, for its door was closed and her best Friend was within.—'Sunday Companion.'

If any little word of mine
  May make a life the brighter,
If any little song of mine,
  May make a heart the lighter,
God help me speak the little word.
  And take my bit of singing,
And drop it in some lonely vale,
  To set the echoes ringing.
If any little love of mine
  May make a life the sweeter,
If any little lift of mine
  May ease the burden of another.
God give me love, and care, and
    strength,
  To help my toiling brother.
—Waif.

How He Won Out.

A TRUE STORY.

The Indianapolis 'News' of recent date tells the following singularly effective story, the truth of which, the 'News' says, is vouched for by Oliver D. Loucks, a well-known millwright of North Indianapolis, as a genuine page out of his autobiography. He is a man who has rescued himself from the drink, and his climax of the fight with his appetite is here described:

It was two years ago the seventh day of June coming, my little girl Esther's birthday. I was getting ready to go to my work, when she came into the room where I was.

'I am ten years old to-day, papa,' she said.

'Yes, I know it, little girl, and I've got just fifteen cents in my pocket. What will I get you?'

'I don't want you to get me anything, papa.'

'Oh,' I answered.

'But I want you to promise me something, papa,' she said.

'Well, go ahead; let's hear it.'

'I want you to promise me you won't drink any more. That will be my birthday present,' she said.

'Oh, run along, little girl,' I answered; 'your mother has been talking to you.'

I heard her go outside, and I slipped into the kitchen where my wife was and asked her why she had been talking to Esther about my drinking. She said she had not, and burst out crying. Then I got a little rattled. I never suspected that my children knew I drank. It is true that I reeled home many a night and that I scarcely ever drew a sober breath, but they were in bed, and by morning I was always over the worst effects of the liquor. I do not know how she learned it; possibly by instinct. But it was a shock to me and unnerved me. I went back into the sitting-room and began to choke up. I tried to clear my throat by swallowing, but couldn't do it. My eyes were filling with tears, although I couldn't cry. I threw myself full length on the lounge and blubbered out a sort of prayer: 'Lord, if you'll help me, I'll never touch liquor again.' In a little while Esther came running in, saw me and said:

'Papa, you've made up your miud to promise, haven't you? I know it.'

'Yes, I have, little girl. I am going to try never to drink again, and, more than that, I am going to put a penny in your bank for every time I refuse a glass.'

Do you know that in seven weeks I had two hundred and seventy-seven pennies in that bank? But election time came on, and one morning I found that some one during the night had rolled a keg of beer to my door. 'That settles the penny proposition, Esther,' I said, when I saw it. 'I guess there are more glasses in that keg than I have pennies. Children, roll it over there on the commons.' They did so, and it remained there a couple of days, but was gone the third morning. My old boon friends have given up trying to get me to break my promise. When I saw that man there in a saloon, last April, one of the men at the bar, to test me, put a $10 gold piece in the bottom of a glass and told the bartender to fill the glass with beer.

'Do you mean it?' he said.

'Of course I do. Go ahead.'

He did, and then my friend turned to me and said: 'O! drink the beer and keep the gold.'

'Not if you filled my pockets with gold,' I answered.

Not long ago my five children were attacked with diphtheria. I lost a sweet little six-year-old girl. Before she died she threw her arms around my neck as I sat at the bed and said, 'Papa, you kept your promise, didn't you?'

Will any sane man tell me I'll ever drink again?

Nicotine and Disease.

(The Chicago 'Tribune.')

To come to the certain influences of nicotine. Both Sichel and Critchett, well-known English oculists, discovered that a smoker who used even so little as five-eighths of an ounce of tobacco a day for any sustained period suffered a wasting of the optic nerve, called amaurosis. The disease is a dulling of the sight, yet no examination of the eye will reveal the defect. Whether it is caused by the irritating effect of the smoke, or whether it operates through the nervous system, is a question, but in any case, other things being equal, it is recognized that the smoker has not as good sight as has the non-smoker.

If the eyes suffer, so does the nose, and Dr. Armory Hare, who liked a whiff of the pipe as well as the next one, has laid stress upon the statement that every chronic smoker suffers more than his share of nasal catarrh. This is strengthened by the well-observed fact that men, more than women, are afflicted with 'colds in the head' in chronic form.

Chronic laryngitis is one of the recognized effects of too much smoking. It may begin with the victim's remarking that he becomes hoarse without seeming cause. The acrid fumes of the tobacco have set up a slight inflammation which makes the surface more susceptible to cold, and as the smoke keeps up the irritation and the drafts catch him, he has chronic laryngitis before he knows it.

Darwin once accused people who smoked many hours a day of having little common-sense. This observation may be regarded from the point of view of the physician with more than a shade of credulity. Smoking has a disposition to dry the mouth and stop the flow of saliva. With an insufficient amount of saliva in the stomach the processes of digestion are interfered with, and the person having a stomach full of food lying in an undigested state cannot be in the most reasonable and reasoning mood possible.

Of all these ills, tobacco-heart is one of the most pronounced and dangerous. In almost any hospital one may see victims of the tobacco-heart, scarcely able to sit up in bed and too weak to move. In the hospital these patients are refused tobacco and they soon recover.

Angina pectoris, one of the most dangerous and painful of diseases, often is caused by excessive smoking. Some of the most prominent men in all walks of life have died from it, and in most cases they have smoked to excess.

Aside from these most serious consequences of smoking, we have the unmistakable evidences that weakened muscles and tremulousness result in nearly all cases. This is so well recognized that for athletes in training smoking is prohibited. For rifle-shooting the smoker suffers as much from shaky nerves as from his eyesight, and few records have been made by men who were inveterate smokers.

'Yes, smoking is something more than a bad habit. Give a dose of it daily to a dog, and he soon loses his hair; keep it up and his teeth will drop out, and pursue it still further and the animal will become blind. However, it is only the reformer who sees in these statements of fact the final end to tobacco-smoking.

What Became of Them.

Fifty years ago, a gentleman of Ohio noted down ten drinkers, six young men and four boys. 'I saw the boys,' he says, 'drink beer and buy cigars in what was called a "grocery" or "doggery." I expressed my disapprobation, and the seller gave a coarse reply. He continued the business, and in fifteen years he died of delirimu tremens, not leaving five dollars.

'I never lost sight of these ten, only as the clods of their valley hid their bodies from human vision. Of the six young men, one died of delirium tremens and one in a drunken fit; two died of diseases produced by their excesses before they reached the meridian of life; two of them left families not provided for, and two sons are drunkards. Of the two remaining one is a miserable wreck, and the other a drinker in some better condition.

'Of the four boys, one, who had a good mother, grew up a sober man; one was killed by a club in a drunken broil; one has served two terms in the penitentiary; and one has drunk himself into an inoffensive dolt whose family has to provide for him.'

The Revenue.

(S. D. Chown.)

An excuse frequently offered for not supporting a prohibition law is that it would diminish the revenue of the country. The revenue is never more than about one-tenth of the cost and waste of the liquor traffic. This is surely an attempt to make the tail wag the dog, but we ask, Has it come to this, that we men of Canada are prepared to obtain revenue by distilling it from the thin blood that flows in the veins of a drunkard's wife, or taking it from the bare feet and almost naked backs of worse than orphan children? We must never attempt to make money out of the vices of our people, or we sink to the level of Tammany, an institution which is execrated everywhere by all decent people. License can never be a statement of this question. It is a covenant with death, and an agreement with hell. The first license was issued in the Garden of Eden, and read, 'Ye shall not surely die, but in the day that you eat thereof ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil, therefore, go on and sin.' The whole motive of this traffic is the love of money, the root of all evil.

The value of a life does not seem to come into the calculation. While this is so, how can any Christian man cry, 'Peace! Peace!' when there is no peace? 'He that biddeth him God-speed is a partaker of his evil deeds.' It is an enactment of our law that whoever, by his agent, aids, assists, or abets the commission of any crime, is held as guilty as though he were the principal. Surely no consideration of license money will lead us to load ourselves down with the responsibility for the train of evils which follow in the wake of intoxicating liquor. Let us be men, and ask ourselves the question, 'Which is worse, the drunkard, the drunkard-maker, or the maker of the drunkard-maker?' It is a wonder that living under the license system we are not haunted as was Macbeth's conscience, 'When everything that was in him did abhor itself for being there,' and he shouts to the ghost of the murdered Banquo, 'Thou canst not say I did it: never shake thy gory locks at me.'

No, he did not do it. He only paid the murderer to do the deed, yet his guilt sawed his conscience asunder. We are doing the same thing in Canada, only with this difference, that instead of giving we take the blood-money from the man in whose pot there is death. It is a wonder that the bony fingers of our victims do not rise from their graves and, pointing at the heart of each indifferent elector, say, 'Thou art the man.' If we think intelligently, we cannot escape from the conclusion that he who votes to keep the saloon is a saloon-keeper. Think it over, and see if that is not true.

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HONOR ROLL

OF THE

TEMPERANCE PLEDGE CRUSADE.

FOR WEEK ENDING MONDAY NIGHT, Dec. 4.

***. ROBINSON, East Templeton, Q.
*T. WATSON, Cowansville, Q.
FORDIE KERR, Crosby, O.
MAY A. BEARD, Scobiestown, Q.
[illegible] Cobourg, O.
[illegible], Greenwood, O.
[illegible] Q
[illegible] Q
[illegible] Yarker, O.
[illegible] O
**MRS. J. LATHAM, Pt. St. Charles, Q.
MAUDE WHATELY, Thornbury, O.
*H. DELLER, Norwich, O.
[illegible] WALES, Leamington, O.
*[illegible] LOWRY, Hagersville, O.
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LESSON XII.—DECEMBER 21.

Christmas Lesson

Luke ii., 8-20. Commit vs. 10, 11. Read Isa. ix., 1-7; Heb. i.

Golden Text.

'For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.'—Luke ii., 11.

Home Readings.

Monday, Dec. 15.—Luke ii., 8-20.
Tuesday, Dec. 16.—Luke ii., 25-35.
Wednesday, Dec. 17.—Luke ii., 36-40.
Thursday, Dec. 18.—Matt. ii., 1-12.
Friday, Dec. 19.—Matt. ii., 13-23.
Saturday, Dec. 20.—Isa. ix., 1-7.
Sunday, Dec 21.—John i., 1-14.

Lesson Text.

(8) And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. (9) And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid. (10) And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. (11) For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. (12) And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. (13) And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, (14) Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men. (15) And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us. (16) And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger. (17) And when they had seen it, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child. (18) But Mary kept all these things and pondered them in her heart. (20) And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all things, that they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them.

Condensed From Matthew Henry.

We see here how the shepherds were employed; they were 'abiding in the fields' adjoining to Bethlehem, and 'keeping watch over their flocks by night,' v. 8. The angel was not sent to the chief priests or the elders (they were not prepared to receive these tidings), but to a company of poor shepherds, who were, like Jacob, 'plain men dwelling in tents.' They were employed now, not in acts of devotion, but in the business of their calling; they were 'keeping watch over their flock,' to secure them from beasts of prey, it being, probably in the summer time, when they kept their cattle out all night, as we do now, and did not house them. Note, We are not out of the way of divine visits, when we are sensibly employed in an honest calling, and abide with God in it. They were surprised with the appearance of an angel (v. 9); 'An angel of the Lord came upon them,' of a sudden. That they might be sure it was an angel from heaven, they saw the 'glory of the Lord round about them'; such as made the night as bright as day, a 'heavenly' glory, or an 'exceedingly great glory,' such as they could not bear the dazzling lustre of. This made them 'sore afraid,' put them into a consternation, as fearing some evil tidings. The angel therefore said, Fear not, for we have nothing to say to you, that needs to be a terror to you; you need not fear your enemies, and should not fear your friends. He furnished them with abundant matter for joy; Behold, I 'evangelize you great joy'; I solemnly declare it, you have reason to bid it welcome, for it shall bring joy to all people, and not to the people of the Jews only; that 'unto you is born this day,' at this time, 'a Saviour,' the Saviour that has been so long expected, 'which is Christ the Lord' (v. 11), Jesus is the Christ, the Messiah, the Anointed; he is 'the Lord,' Lord of all; he is a Saviour, he will be a Saviour to those that accept him for their Lord. 'The Saviour is born, he is born this day; and since it is a matter of great joy to all people, it is not to be kept secret, you may proclaim it, may tell it to whom you please. He is born in the place where it was foretold he should be born,—in the city of David; to you Jews he is sent, in the first place, to bless you, to you shepherds, though poor and mean in the world. This refers to Isa. ix., 6, 'Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given.' This is matter of 'joy' indeed to all people. Great joy, long-looked for, is come at last. Let heaven and earth rejoice before this Lord 'for he cometh.' The message was no sooner delivered by one angel, than suddenly there was with that one angel 'a multitude of the heavenly host' (sufficient, we may be sure, to make a chorus), that were heard by the shepherds, 'praising God.' And certainly their song was not like that (Rev. xiv., 3) which 'no man could learn,' for it was designed that we all should learn it. (1) Let God have the honor of this work; 'Glory to God,' whose kindness and love designed this favor. (2) Let men have the joy of it; 'On earth peace, good will toward men.' God's good will in sending the Messiah introduced peace in this lower world, slew the enmity that sin had raised between God and man, and resettled a correspondence. If God be at peace with us, all peace results from thence; peace is here put for all good which flows to us from the incarnation of Christ, all the good we have, or hope, is owing to God's good will; and if we have the comfort of it, he must have the glory of it. While the angels were singing their hymn, the shepherds could attend to that only; but 'when they were gone away from them into heaven, they said to one another, Let us go to Bethlehem.' Note, When extraordinary messages from the upper world are no more to be expected, we must set ourselves to improve the advantages we have for the conferring of our faith, and the keeping up of our communion with God in this lower world. And it is no reflection upon the testimony of angels, no, nor upon a divine testimony itself, to get it corroborated by observation and experience. But, observe, These shepherds do not speak doubtfully, 'Let us go and see whether it be so or no'; but with assurance, 'Let us go see this thing which is come to pass'; for what room was left to doubt of it, when the Lord had thus made it known to them? The word spoken by angels was steadfast and unquestionably true. They immediately made the visit, v. 16. They lost no time, but came with haste to the place, which, probably, the angel directed them to more particularly than is recorded ('Go to the stable of such an inn'); and there they found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in the manger. The poverty and meanness in which they found Christ the Lord, were no shock to their faith, who, themselves, knew what it was to live a life of comfortable communion with God in very poor and mean circumstances. We have reason to think that the shepherds told Joseph and Mary of the vision of the angels they had seen, and the song of angels they heard. And it is probable that Joseph and Mary told the shepherds what visions they had had concerning the child; and so, by communicating their experiences to each other, they greatly strengthened one another's faith. (V. 17.) 'When they had seen it,' though they saw nothing in the child that should induce them to believe that he was 'Christ the Lord,' yet the circumstances, how mean so ever they were, agreeing with the sign that the angels had given them, they were abundantly satisfied; so they made 'known abroad' the whole story of what was 'told them,' both by the angels, and by Joseph and Mary, concerning this child, that he was the Saviour, 'even Christ the Lord.' If when he is in the world the world knows him not, it is their own fault, for they have sufficient notice given them. What impression did it make upon people? Why truly, 'All they that heard it, wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds,' v. 18. The shepherds were plain, downright, honest men, and they could not suspect them guilty of any design to impose upon them; what they had said, therefore, was likely to be true; and if it were true, they could not but wonder at it, that the Messiah should be born 'in a stable,' and not in a palace; that angels should bring news of it to poor shepherds,' and not to the chief priest. They wondered, but never inquired any further, about the Saviour, their duty to him, or advantages by him, but let the thing drop as a 'nine days' wonder.' O, the amazing stupidity of the men of that generation! Justly were the things which belong to their 'peace' hid from their eyes, when they thus wilfully shut their eyes against them. The Virgin Mary said little, but 'kept all these things' and 'pondered them in her heart,' v. 19. She laid the evidences together, and kept them in reserve, to be compared with the discoveries that should afterwards be made her. Note, The truths of Christ are worth keeping; and the way to keep them safe, is to 'ponder them.' Meditation is the best help to memory. The shepherds 'returned glorifying and praising God,' in concurrence with the holy angels. If others would not regard the report they made to them, God would accept the thanksgivings they offered to him. They praised God for what they had heard from the angel, and for what they had seen. They thanked God that they had seen Christ, though in the depth of his humiliation; as afterwards the cross of Christ, so now his 'manger,' though to some it was 'foolishness' and a 'stumbling block,' others saw in it, and admired, and praised, the 'wisdom of God,' and the 'power of God.'

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Dec. 21.—Topic—Christmas: its message and motive. Luke ii., 1-20; John iii., 14-17.

Junior C. E. Topic

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Monday, Dec. 15.—What 'Jesus' means. Matt. i., 21.

Tuesday, Dec. 16.—Mary's song. Luke i., 46-55.

Wednesday, Dec. 17.—The Christmas manger. Luke ii., 7

Thursday, Dec 18.—First Christmas gifts. Matt. ii., 1-12.

Friday, Dec. 19.—Christmas sorrow. Matt. ii., 16-18.

Saturday, Dec. 20.—Christmas glory. John i., 14.

Sunday, Dec. 21.—Topic—Christmas bells—what do they say to you? Luke ii., 8-20.

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Correspondence

LETTERS IN BRIEF.

We find that we have so many letters on hand from our 'Messenger' readers that in order to prevent some going in the waste-paper basket through lack of space we propose to-day to tell very shortly what a number of them said. The interest our little friends take in the 'Messenger' correspondence page always gives us the greatest pleasure.

Lester J. H., nine years old, writing from Kirkfield, Kansas, says his family has just moved from Abilene, about 200 miles off. They drove ten head of cattle. Now they have six horses, one colt and twenty cows and have put in 150 acres of wheat.

Clara F. C., 11 years old, lives in Somerset, Man., on a beautifully situated farm called Grand View. Clara, who is in the third reader, has five sisters and two brothers, Willie and Garnett.

Christina McLeod, 13 years old, lives on a farm near the beautiful Lake Megantic in Quebec. She has five sisters and three brothers. Her father works in the woods 18 miles away, but comes home every week-end.

Maggie Wilson, of Maple Grove, is 10 years old and came from England last spring. She was one of a party of nineteen girls and twenty-one boys. They had great fun on board. Maggie likes sugaring time; her family made 1,400 pounds of sugar last season. She is very well satisfied with Canada.

Annie C. N. B., of Stony Creek, N.B., says deer and partridge are very plentiful in her neighborhood. There was a bear in their fields one day and later a porcupine. We are sorry we have not space to publish the poem Annie forwarded.

Bessie Brownrigg, of Lacadie, Que., says her family have a lot of live stock. She has a baby brother, Earle, with dark blue eyes and fair curls.

Bert H., of Hamilton, eight years old, is in the second reader. He likes bathing and rowing about the Hamilton Beach.

Flossie S., of Exploits, aged twelve, is a vigorous temperance worker. They have no saloon in their town, so they do not know what it is to see anyone drunk. She writes a nice letter.

Effie C., of Mt. Forest, Ont., aged thirteen, has a kitten called Lou and a horse called Lucy. Effie likes music and is taking lessons.

Ruth L. N., of Irvington, Neb., aged ten, lives on a farm. Her dog Bruno fetches up the cows. She is in Grade 6.

Florence E. C., aged 12, lives in New Hampshire, at Manchester. The largest mills in the world, she says, are in that city. Her father has a horse, 28 years old.

Katie Roberts, aged ten, has her home in Queen's Line, Ont. The country round is level with not much bush, and no lake or river within seven miles.

Fred Johnston is a little boy of nine, living in the N. W. T. The lake near his home in Lethbridge was frozen over early in November. They have been skating and sleighing some time now.

Eva R., of Brigden, Ont., is a new reader of the 'Messenger,' which she likes very much.

Laura M. A., of Chatham, Ont., aged eight, enjoyed the concert her school held in the opera house.

Ethel M. B., of Rob Roy, Ont., aged 11, plays the organ. She is in the third reader.

L. D. Moulton, aged 12, lives in Dawn Valley, on a farm of 75 acres, 10 miles from any large town. He goes to a school two miles away.

Mary E. M. lives at a place called Sixteen, near Palermo, Ont. She would like to be a missionary.

Ada Pearch, aged 13, writes a nice letter from Thornton, Ont. She came from the Old Country two years ago and thinks there are not so many cranky people there as in Ontario. She has a horse for a pet which she can harness.

Della May L., of Eldorado, goes to the Presbyterian Sunday School. She has a kitten she calls Lord Kitchener.

E. M. S., aged 14, writes from Wingham, Ont. She was born in Wisconsin, but she likes Ontario better.

Susie Stapleton and Bessie Mackay write from Millville, Cape Breton, and say how they go to Sunday-school and get the 'Messenger' there.

Edith A., of Gascon, Que., aged 11, says there are few English in her town but about 700 French, mostly fisher people. Her eldest sister is organist in the church.

Myrtle C. L., of Yankee Dam., U.S.A., has a dog named Fritz. She has three brothers and one sister.

Chester Best lives in Mt. Pleasant, Ont., where there is a cheese and butter factory, two stores, two churches and a post-office. They are five miles from any railway.

Silas J. G., agd 13, of Gladstone District, is a fine Temperance worker. His family are all Good Templars.

Melton Grose, aged 12, is a Manitoba boy, who is herding 26 cattle. He has a spotted pony of his own for the work.

Gretta H., of Belmont, Man., tells of her pleasure in receiving the nice Bagster Bible. She takes it to church every Sunday.

Ada F. G. writes from the Rainy River district. She lives at her Uncle Arthur's with two sisters and goes to school every day.

Marie B. Y. writes from Argyle and tells how her grandparents came from Indiana in a big waggon.

Odelle C., of Trenton, is 13 years old, and is looking forward to the skating. She likes reading the 'Messenger' stories.

Ethel D., of Abernethy, Assa., aged 12, has about 47 ducks and 300 hens and chickens at her home. She is learning music. Albert, her brother, aged nine, also writes to us and adds that his family has 50 cattle and 17 horses. He goes to school daily.

Mabel W., aged 13, lives near Athens, Ont., on her grandfather's large farm. She says: 'Early this fall two animals came to our place and dug under the cellar and started to make their home there. They were brown, furry animals with long smooth tails. Grandpa said they were woodchucks, so he trapped them.'

Emma P., of Renfrew, Ont., aged 12, is delighted because of the arrival of a wee baby sister. Her father is a farmer, and she goes to a Baptist Sunday-school.

Mabey B. M., of Axe Lake, Ont., says she lives by a nice lake. She keeps house for her father and eldest brother. She used to have a canary, but one day she and her cousin decorated his cage with flowers and then left him a while. When they returned he had got out and they never saw him again. There are fifteen lakes near Mabel's home, some four miles square.

Margurite F., nine years old, lives at Economy Point, a beautiful place on Cobequid Bay, N.S. She says the only drawback in her life is that she has no brothers nor sisters. Her papa and mamma are her pets.

Mattie F. L., aged ten, writes from Hunter River, P.E.I., and says her v... has four stores, a hotel, a starch factory, two churches and a day-school. In the summer she visited Tignish and Kildare Cape.

Cynthia B., aged 12, lives on a farm of 200 acres about four miles from Erie, B.C. They have lots of live stock, and Cynthia has four sisters and one brother.

Stanley A., aged seven, writes from North Arthur, Que., and hopes to be in the second reader soon. His father is a farmer and they live five miles from Mt. Forest in a very pretty part of the country.

Elmwood, Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I have just seen one letter from here I thought I would write one. I go to Sunday-school in the summer time. I go to school and like it very much. My teacher's name is Miss Simms; she is a very nice teacher. I am in the third book, and I think I am going to try for the fourth at the summer holidays. I have a pet cat; her name is Pinkie.

GERTRUDE E. B. (Age 10.)

Meaford, Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I have not seen any correspondence from Meaford for some time I thought I would write a little letter. I have three sisters and one little brother two years old. We have been taking the 'Messenger' in our Sunday-school for one year and like it very much. I love to read the correspondence and little folks' page. My papa is superintendent of our Sunday-school. We live on a farm about four miles from Meaford. I go to school every day. We like our teacher very much; her name is Miss B. Sunter.

MINEETA M. E. (Age 1.))

Burnside Farm,
Little Shemogue, N.B.

Dear Editor,—The 'Northern Messenger' has come to my address since a few weeks after I was born. That was ten years ago last Dec. 31. I think I will take the 'Messenger' as long as I live, so you see I like your paper very much. Papa says they have taken it in our family for over thirty years; and that they have taken the 'Weekly Witness' for about forty years, except one year, and they thought that long enough to do without the 'Witness.' I go to school; I am in the fifth grade; I have more than a mile to go to school. I go to the Presbyterian Church; our minister's name is the Rev. J. H. Hattie; my papa is one of the elders, and my mamma sings in the choir. I have a little sister seven years old; her name is Mary Isabel; her birthday is on Nov. 25. We have two cats named Thomas Augustus and Gladys Adele.

WILLIAM A. D.

Bayfield, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy twelve years old, and I go to school, and my teacher's name is Mr. Holman, and I attend my Sabbath-school every Sunday, and my Sunday-school teacher's name is Miss Edith Faulkner. I get the 'Messenger' every Sunday and I enjoy reading it very much. In looking over the correspondence I have not seen any from Bayfield, and so I thought I would write a little letter. I have three brothers and three sisters, and there are five of us going to school.

WILLIE H. T.

Cranberry, Que.

Dear Editor,—As Mr. and Mrs. James McCraynolds sold their farm and moved to Maple Grove, Mrs. McCraynolds told me I might have the 'Messenger,' so that is the way I am getting it. I think it is a very nice paper. But I like the correspondence best, so I thought I would write a letter. I have three brothers and one sister. I have a grandma alive. Both my grandpas and one grandma are dead. It is about a mile from here to grandma's; I often go over to see her. My school is commenced; it commenced on the 11th of November; the teacher is boarding with us; we all like her very much; her name is Miss Nettie McKenzie. I am eleven years old. I am in the fourth book; I study spelling, Canadian history, geography and arithmetic. We have three horses. I saw a puzzle in the 'Messenger,' and the only answer I can give is that she was born in Leap year; that her birthday is on February 29. We keep the post-office.

REITA C. D.

Murray, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I go to Sunday-school every Sunday and get the 'Messenger.' I like very much to read the correspondence page, but have never seen one from Murray, and would like to see this. We live near Murray Canal and can see all the boats as they go through. Papa has been to Colorado and New Mexico, and it is quite interesting to hear him tell all about

what he saw and to look at the curiosities he brought home with him. Among some of them are the rattles of rattlesnakes, a couple of cactus canes, and also some petrified wood. He also brought some things out of a volcano from New Mexico. He also brought a lot of views of the Indian village, and among them are a bridge across the Rio Grande River. The piers of this bridge are just sticks woven together and filled with stones.

EVA A. W. (Age 8.)

Cheapside, Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is the first time we have ever written to the 'Northern Messenger.' We are twin brothers and were fourteen years old last August. We get the 'Messenger' at our Sunday-school; we like to read the stories in them. We live on a farm along Lake Erie and have six horses, nineteen cattle, sixteen pigs, and twenty-six sheep, and also a large number of chickens. We have one dog, two cats and three speckled bantams for pets; the bantams are about as large as a robbin and they look comical going around with their wings down. We have great times skating on the lake in the winter time. We go to Sunday-school whenever we can. Our teacher is Mr. Long We have five sisters and three brothers. We go to school every day and like it very well. Our post-office is at Selkirk, but we go to Cheapside Sunday-school. We have a pet crow and he will say 'Hello' and 'How do you feel?' and many other things; his name is Peter. C. AND H. E.

Port Burwell, Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my second letter to the 'Messenger.' I get the 'Messenger' from the Methodist Sunday-school and like it very much. I think I like the Boys' and Girls' Page and the correspondence best. I am eleven years old; I go to school every day, and am in the fourth reader; my teacher's name is Mr. Bell and I like him very much. I have one sister and her name is Nina; she is nine years old. MARY H.

Perth, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' every Sunday in the Baptist Sunday-school. I have three sisters and four brothers; my mother died last spring and my little brother also. My second eldest sister keeps house for us and my eldest sister and two eldest brothers are working out. My two youngest brothers and myself go to school every day, and I help my sister in the mornings and evenings. I sometimes go shopping for her. Monday, Oct. 27, is my birthday; I am ten years old.

M. E. H.

Belmont, Man.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eight years old; my birthday is on Aug. 22. I go to school nearly every day. I have one sister and one brother; their names are Vera and Vernon. We have a wild canary in a cage. We live near Pelican Lake. My grandma lives on the bank of the lake. I have only one grandma and one grandpa. I am in the second book. My teacher's name is Miss E. E. Kinley; I like her very much. We live two miles from the school. We have four cats, one dog, one pig and a colt. My mamma is a widow, and we live on a farm. My cousin is writing this for me. GLADYS W.

Perm, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm of 250 acres which my grandfather cleared fifty years ago. He was a local preacher and he assessed and collected the taxes in the township of Mulmur for thirty years; he died at the age of seventy-four years. We have six horses and twenty-six head of cattle. We have a De Laval cream separator, and mamma has made over 1,000 pounds of butter this summer. I have three brothers and one sister, and I am the youngest; I have fifty-four cousins, and I have twin cousins. My youngest brother, my sister and I go to school; we have five lots to go. I will be eight years old on Dec. 17. SUSIE K.

HOUSEHOLD.

Not to be Eccentric.

Eccentric people are never normal; you have no need to be either 'queer' or unpleasing to the eyes of your friends in order to carry out your own convictions as to what is preferable and what is wise in what you do or wear; you only want to take a little more pains, to keep from critical comment from any sensible person, and to be quite ready to let the others pass.

A young girl in a great shop who had gained the nickname of 'Patty Prim,' because of her rigidly plain gowns, astonished her comrades one morning last summer by coming to the help of some of the Cuban teachers who were visiting in Boston. The unfortunate foreigners could not make known their wants intelligibly, and were much distressed. 'Patty Prim,' who was standing near, addressed them timidly in very good Spanish. The eager joy of the would-be purchasers was great, for they were in search only of necessary things. A 'floor-walker' listened with surprise to the easy conversation of the young saleswoman and reported the incident to the superintendent. With a doubled salary, henceforth 'Patty' was made interpreter, and proved that she also knew enough French to help in that language.

Gradually her comrades discovered that all the money that she could possibly save had been used to buy the necessary and always expensive foreign text-books and in paying for tuition. To-day, the harvest she gains from following out her own steadfast purposes is the rent of a lovely little home for her family and the support of her pet brother at a business college.

Helpful Suggestions.

Shoes which have become hard from constant wetting can be made perfectly pliable by two or three thorough soakings of kerosene.

Sometimes, especially when an oily fish, such as mackerel or salmon, has been used, the fishy flavor and smell will cling to knives and forks in spite of soap and water. Cut a lemon in two and rub it over the cutlery. Wash and dry; the fish smell will then vanish.

Clothes lines and pegs should be kept in a bag. A line can be cleaned by boiling in strong soda water. Hang out, and rub dry.

The French cook uses olive oil with discretion and also with great effect in many ways of which the American housekeeper is ignorant. In particular is its assistance important in the concoction of certain soups and sauces. A teaspoonful of oil, for example, to every quart of split pea, potato or other soup lacking fatty stock, added just before the soup is taken from the fire, greatly increases its flavor and richness. The oil, too, may be used as a substitute for butter in compounding a brown or white sauce. Any kind of cold meat that is to be creamed or recooked in any way is improved by having oil poured over it, in the proportion of a tablespoon to a cupful of the meat, at least half an hour before the latter is put in the saucepan.

Selected Recipes

Fairy Gingerbread.—One cupful of butter, two of sugar, four of pastry flour, three-fourths teaspoonful soda, one teaspoonful of ginger. Beat the butter to a cream, add gradually the sugar; when light, add ginger and one cup of milk, in which the soda has been dissolved, and then the flour. Beat or mix well. Turn baking-pans upside down or use sheets. Grease them, and spread the mixture over the pans very thin. Bake in a moderate oven until brown. While hot, cut into squares and slip from the pan. This must be spread on the sheet or pan as thin as tissue paper, and must be cut the moment it comes from the oven. They may be rolled as well.

Chocolate Cake.—One and one-half cups sugar, one-half cup butter, one-half cup sour milk, one-half cake chocolate, one-half cup warm water, yolks of four eggs, whites of two eggs, one teaspoonful soda, two cups flour, one-half teaspoonful vanilla. Cream the butter and sugar, add the beaten yolks of the eggs; the sour milk, in which half a teaspoonful of the soda has been beaten; the chocolate dissolve in the warm water and beat well. Sift the remaining half teaspoonful of soda with the flour and add to the butter mixture together with the vanilla. Lastly, fold in the whites beaten to a stiff froth. Bake in shallow round pans in a quick oven and spread with lemon icing.

AN EXCELLENT WAY.

Mr. Walter Simpson, Bay View, P.E.I., says the 'Witness' holds its own against all comers. It is not only a marvel of cheapness, but it has an excellent way of selecting and condensing the important news of the day, and leaving out sensational garbage that too many publications spread out in big headlines.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have 'Daily Witness' on trial at the rate of twenty cents a month, or 'Weekly Witness' at seven cents. We suggest that this offer be taken advantage of by those whose subscriptions to 'Northern Messenger' have still some months to run, so that both subscriptions may expire contemporaneously, when the special club offers may be availed of.

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FREE 40-Piece China Tea Set-12 Cups, 12 Saucers, 12 Tea Plates, 2 Cake Plates, 1 Creamer and 1 Slop Bowl. Beautiful white porcelain ware, newest pattern, elegantly decorated. A regular $5.00 Set. Given 1st for selling at 15c. each only 16 1/4. Gold finished Scarf Pins and securing 3 other agents to do the same, or 2nd, for selling to all 32 yearset. These Pins come in 4 styles: a Deer's Head with a brilliant gem set between the antlers, a dainty Butterfly set with an electric Diamond, a Tortoise set with a splendid imitation precious stone, and an Owl holding a rainbow tinted Opal in its claws. These Pins are equal to anything sold by jewellers at $1.00. At our price, 15c., you can sell dozens in a few minutes. Write to-day and we will send the Scarf Pins postpaid. National Jewelry Co., Dept. 40S, Toronto.

Write for Announcement of the **Northern Business College**, Owen Sound, Ontario, the leading College in the Dominion. C.A. Fleming, Principal

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Soft, warm, glossy black, 3 feet 6 inches long, 5 inches wide, made of selected full furred skins with 6 fine full black tails. A handsome, stylish Fur given **1st** for selling at 15c. each only 7 14K gold finished, stone set, Slide Lockets and getting 3 other Agents to do the same, or (2nd) for selling 14 yourself. These beautiful Lockets, set with brilliant imitation precious stones, look cheap at 50c. At 15c. they go like wildfire. Write to-day and we will send the Lockets postpaid. **The AGENTS TRADING CO., Dept. 488 Toronto, Ontario.**

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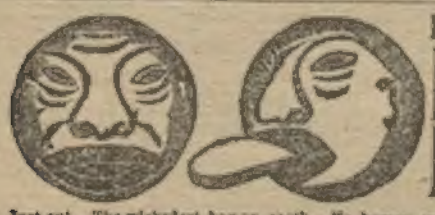

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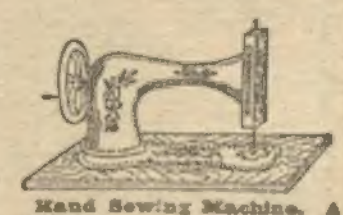

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We will give you the **12** Premiums, shown above (not **one** but the whole **12**), to any girl who will sell at **15c** each only **12** pieces of our handsome Jewelry, Stick Pins, Hat Pins, Brooches, etc. They look well worth 50c. At **15c.** you can sell the whole dozen in a few minutes. Write and we will send the Jewelry postpaid. Sell it, return $1.80, and we will send you all the 12 Premiums shown above. Don't miss this chance but write to-day. The **NATIONAL WATCH AND JEWELRY CO., Dept. 469, Toronto.**

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Full size for family use, made of the finest ware, in the very newest shapes and latest designs, suitable for any table. The decorations are clear and distinct, delicate in design, and the whole effect is stylish, beautiful and artistic; a set that will give you lasting pleasure because it will stand the wear of years, the colors never losing their Brilliancy. This elegant set consists of 12 Dinner Plates, 12 Tea Plates, 12 Soup Plates, 12 Cups, 12 Saucers, 12 Fruit Saucers, 12 Butter Pats, 2 Vegetable Dishes, 2 Covers, 1 10-inch Meat Platter, 1 14-inch Meat Platter, 1 Gravy Boat, 1 Tea Pot and cover, 1 Sugar Bowl and cover, 1 Creamer and 1 Slop Bowl, in all 97 full size pieces, all light in weight, perfect in color, extra smooth, and for beauty and richness equal to any Dinner Set ever sold at retail for less than $25.00. We **give it free** for doing 3 things—1, selling at **25c.** each only 2 doz. handsome pieces of Jewelry: Lockets, Cuff Links, Stick Pins, Brooches, etc.; 2, getting 3 more agents to do the same or by selling 4 doz. yourself. Every pieceof our Jewelry looks worth 50c. Mrs. Jno. Powless, Dresden, Ont., says: "The dishes are most beautiful and I am so well pleased with them that I do not know how to thank you. The neighbors all think they are grand and my husband is delighted with them." If you have longed to possess a handsome set of dishes but yet felt hardly able to afford one, here is your chance to get one free. Write to-day and we will send the Jewelry postpaid. The National Watch and Jewelry Co., Dept. 490 Toronto.

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All steel barrel and fittings, improved sights, walnut stock. The best Air Gun made. **Given** for selling at **10c.** each, only **18** packages of Chinese blue black Ink Powders. Each package makes 20c. worth of superior Ink. It is **cheap** and useful that **everybody buys.** Write for Ink Powders to-day. **THE NATIONAL PEN AND INK CO., TORONTO.**

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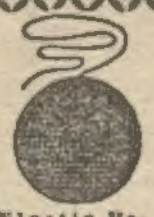
False Moustache, Magic Picture Book, Magic Camera, Shadow Pictures, Comic Picture Book, Moving Pictures, 300 Colored Transfer Pictures 9 Games—Snap, Robinson Crusoe, Dominoes, Black Peter, Numbers, Lotto, and 3 others. In all 42 GRAND PREMIUMS.

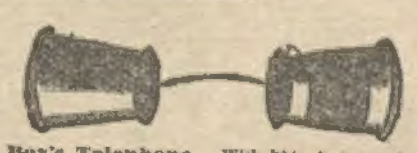


Elastic Return Ball.

McGinty Watch. From the stem and up pops McGinty. Very funny.

False Face.

Dying Chinaman. Over one foot high. Blow up his rubber head and hear him sing a real Chinese chant, until he tumbles over and dies.



Boy's Telephone. With this instrument persons in different parts of the house or at long distances from one another can hear distinctly the lowest tones.

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Trick Box. Take the lid off and the box appears to be full of candy. Do it once again so the candy has vanished.

Swan Lung Tester. A great practical joke.

Pocket Telegraph Ticker. The king of noise makers. Morse Telegraph Alphabet sent with each.

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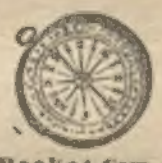

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The above Premiums would cost you **$3.45** if you were to buy them out of your own pocket, but you can get them without spending one cent of your own money. We will give the **whole 42 Premiums** (understand, not **one** but the **whole 42**), to any person who will sell at **15c.** each only **12** pieces of our handsome Jewelry, Stick Pins, Hat Pins, Cuff Links, Brooches, Button Sets, etc., etc. They look worth 50c. each. At **15c.** you can sell the whole dozen in a few minutes. Write and we will send the Jewelry postpaid. Sell it, return $1.80, and we will send you **all of the 42 Premiums** mentioned above, by mail, postpaid. We are giving this **Grand Bargain** to make hundreds of friends and to clear out our immense stock. This advertisement may not appear again so please write at once. **The National Watch & Jewelry Co., Dept. 497 Toronto**

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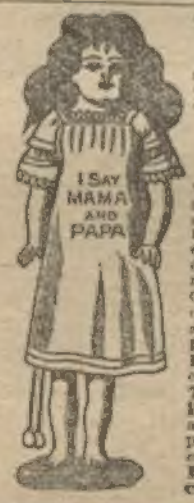
Not a single cent to pay for her. As pretty as a picture. You will fall in love with her the minute you see her. Golden ringlets, laughing blue eyes, rosy cheeks, stylishly dressed in silk and satin, with velvet and lace trimmings. Lovely trimmed hat, dainty little slippers, real stockings, lace-trimmed underwear. She can be dressed and undressed like any live baby. Her head, arms and legs are movable. She can stand alone, or sit in a chair or on the floor. When you get her you will say she is the prettiest doll you have ever seen. **We give her free** for selling at **15c** each only **1 doz. 14k Gold Finished Scarf Pins.** These Pins come in four styles—a Deer's Head with a brilliant gem set between the antlers, a dainty Butterfly set with an Electric Diamond, a Tortoise set with a splendid imitation precious stone, and an Owl holding a rainbow tinted Opal in its claws. These pins are equal in appearance to anything sold by jewellers at $1.00. At our price, **15c,** you can sell dozens in a few minutes. Just try them. Write to-day and we will send the Scarf Pins postpaid. **The National Jewelry Co., Dept. 493, Toronto, Ontario.**

FUR SCARF FREE

Soft, warm, glossy black, 3 feet 6 inches long, 5 inches wide, made of selected full furred skins with 6 fine full black tails. A handsome, stylish Fur given **1st** for selling at **15c.** each only 7 14K gold finished Scarf Pins and securing 3 other Agents to do the same, or **2nd,** for selling in all only 14 yourself. These Pins come in 4 styles: a Deer's Head with a brilliant gem set between the antlers, a dainty Butterfly set with an Electric Diamond, a Tortoise set with a splendid imitation precious stone, and an Owl holding a rainbow tinted Opal in its claws. These Pins are equal to anything sold by jewelers at $1.00. At our price, **15c.,** you can sell dozens in a few moments. Just try them. Write to-day and we will send the Scarf Pins postpaid. **THE NATIONAL JEWELRY CO., DEPT. 488 TORONTO.**



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